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THE
ANSWER

Coleman's Ghost,

TO
H. N's. POETICK OFFERING,



RISE *Nevil*, Rise, and do not punish me,
With the vain sight of your Idolatry,
You may with equal Reason call upon
The good Saint *Icarus* or *Phaeton*,
Who do the Sacred Name deserve as far,
As some who Blush in *Roman* Kalendar :
With like Ambition I design'd to know
No other Triumphs but of things below ;
And rather labour'd how there might be given,
French Crowns, postponing all the Crowns of Heaven,
Favour'd in this, because kind Heaven declines
My high Intrigues, and baffles my Designs.
None with more covetous Zeal pursu'd our Cause,
Or fell a more due Sacrifice to Laws.

A

In

1 Coleman's Ghost, in Answer to H. N.

In that sad Day when strangled Life Expir'd,
And the just flames my bloody Limbs requir'd,
Whilst my hot Soul in hasty flight retires,
From *Tyburns* only *Purgatory* Fires.
Immortal shapes crowd on in Troops to view,
My Plotting Soul and stopt me as I flew,
Such Spirits who Incarnate ever mov'd
In their By-Paths, and never quiet lov'd.
The Cunning *Machiavel* drew near and fear'd,
Screek't at the sight of me and disappear'd.
Shewing how weak all human Plotts are laid,
Where Hopes and Souls have always been betray'd.
Scylla and *Marius* wondring at our Crimes,
Pittied the near misfortune of our times,
Sigh'd at those streams of blood which were to run,
And curst our Tables of Proscription.
Fierce *Catiline* our Villany decry'd,
To whom the bold *Cethegus* soon reply'd,
How New *Rome* imitates and yet exceeds
In dire Conspiracies our puny deeds!
Great *Cæsars* Ghost with Envy lookt on me, }
That for *Romes* sake I aim'd at more than he, }
To Conquer all the Isles of *Britanny*, }
Yet blam'd the Cruelties which were to come,
From that Dictator which now Reigns at *Rome*.
Spiritual Dictator! who more controuls
Than he, and claps his Fetters on our Souls?
He told me Old *Romes* Walls had longer stood,
If *Romulus* had spar'd his Brothers blood.

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And that *Romes* happineſs grew alwaies worſe,
When it reſembled the fierce Wolf its Nurſe.

Ah, my good Friend, how clearly do I find,
In this new State the faults of human kind.

Nothing procures ſo high a Place above,
As univerſal Charity and Love,
Infus'd and manag'd by the Heavenly Dove. }

Heav'n is a quiet Kingdom which we call
Your injur'd Scriptures true Original.

There no falſe Comments on the Text appear,

Nor muſt *Trents* Spurious Council domineer.

Sometime with me, Dear *Mevil*, you muſt grant,

The Church Triumphant to be Proteſtant.

If againſt them on Earth *Romes* malice thrives,

'Tis not *Romes* Cauſe prevails, but their ill Lives.

So *Babylon* of old vext *Iſrael*,

And wicked Men raiſe Enemies from Hell.

As once on Earth I did your good attend,

So now for Love I am your Ghostly Friend :

Let your Soul hate all bloody ways and things,

To ſubvert States and Laws, to murder Kings.

Or you are ſure to equal my diſgrace,

And without Mercy, you may name your place.

F I N I S.